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POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING GAZETTE

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JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Publisher.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, OCT. 13, 1890.

For the Latest Telegraphic News look on the First Page.

THE MISSION OF THE COMMON CLERK.

Some time ago the common clerk returned from an important mission to Ottawa. He went there, in obedience to a resolution of the common council, for the purpose of urging upon the government the advisibility of transferring the Sand Point wharf property and the Carleton branch railway to the Canadian Pacific Co., or to the city, or placing it in such a position that it could be put to some use. Some members of the common council desired that the mayor should be sent to Ottawa also on this mission, but the proposal was voted down. It was thought that the good looking common clerk would answer every purpose and that to send the mayor would be superfluous. Our aldermen sometimes have curious ideas as to what is right and fitting. A short time ago they voted that five of their number should be sent to Boston to examine the fire alarm system there, yet they thought that a single official, who is neither very zealous nor very prompt in the discharge of his duties, was sufficient to conduct one of the most important negotiations at Ottawa, that this city has ever had on its hands. Mr. Peters went on his lonely mission and, after a visit of some length at the capital, duly returned. He was interviewed by the reporters but he preserved a sphinx-like silence. Nothing could be said until he had made his report to the common council. Every one who is interested in harbor improvement was on the alert on Friday, when the council met, to hear his report, but there was no report. The common clerk, as usual, was dilatory and the council have no information which can be made public in regard to the result of his mission. There is a good deal of indignation at the delay, and words are spoken in regard to the methods of the common clerk which are not pleasant to hear. We trust this report is not to be like the city bye laws, which have been almost twenty years in preparation, and are not yet ready for publication.

A NEW PHASE OF EXTRADITION.

The arrest of two women in New York on a charge of receiving stolen property preferred by the London authorities marks a new phase in extradition between Great Britain and the United States. These women are charged with receiving stolen property amounting to £30,000. The women arrested are wives of London bankers styled Field & Co., who failed a month ago with liabilities amounting to £100,000. The women are said to have come to America with funds which properly should have been applied to the liquidation of a portion of the debts of the insolvent firm. The firm name was Jas. H. Field & Co., and they are said to have done a large business, paying 25 per cent. on all moneys left with them. The doors of the institution were closed the latter part of August. Soon thereafter the wives of the two members of the firm sailed for America. Later they received drafts on the banking house of Brown Bros. & Co. for £95,000. The drafts from Brown, Shipley & Co., London, were paid. Other drafts followed, but Brown Bros. & Co. refused to honor these, having received a cablegram from London advising them not to do so. The arrest took place on Saturday. By the third section of article 1 of the new extradition treaty "receiving any money, valuable security or other property, knowing the same to have been embezzled, stolen or fraudulently obtained," is added to the list of extraditable offences. It is easy to see that there are many difficulties involved in holding these women, not the least serious of which is the fact that the persons who stole or embezzled the money, if it was stolen or embezzled, do not appear to be under arrest in England, and it would be absurd to punish the receiver of stolen goods without punishing the thief or even proving that a theft had been committed. The progress of this case will be watched with interest, for no doubt it will be fought out to the bitter end, and the decision will affect all future cases of a similar character.

REBUKING SIR JOHN.

It appears from a London despatch to the Toronto Globe that the Canadian Gazette, which is published in London, condemns what it terms Sir John A. Macdonald's taunts of the United States regarding "the mass of foreign ignorance and vice," and his predictions of "revolution by the fierce democracy," and says that these remarks are neither statesmanlike nor wise. We do not suppose that Sir John will feel greatly troubled over the criticisms of the Canadian Gazette, because it is not an important organ of public opinion, and it is not in a position to lecture Sir John in regard to his Halifax speech, in which the words it objects to are supposed to have been uttered. There is no doubt, however, that Sir John's language has been misreported and misrepresented in England, for the report of his speech, which was sent to the New York papers, was wholly misleading, so far as it related to Sir John's remarks on foreign vice and ignorance, and conveyed an entirely erroneous impression of his words. What Sir John did say on this subject was as follows:—

But gentlemen, I have no fear that the electors of Canada will ever be so mean and sordid and traitorous and unworthy of the country from which they come, and the men from whom they sprung, as to sell their heritage for a mess of pottage, or even a pot of gold. (Loud and long continued applause.) We prize the old flag and the traditions connected with it more. (Continued applause.) We prize the laws that we have got from England. We prize the conservative—I use the word not in its partisan sense—the conservative spirit which protects the rights of the minority—that spirit which makes the law the governing principle of a country. Why, Mr. Chairman, what would we have to gain from joining the United States? It is a great country, and will be a greater, but like all young countries it will have its vicissitudes, its reverses and its revolutions. Do not we see already from the mass of foreign ignorance and foreign vice that has poured into the United States. how uneasily the working population move in the great labor centres? Do not you see communism and socialism and atheism, and every other ism there? That the United States will rise superior and out of these heterogeneous particles and form one great people, I have no doubt, but depend upon it, they are going to have their revolutions and upheavals, while we sit calmly under the protecting flag of Great Britain and enjoy the magnificent country that God has given us and look with philosophic eyes at the struggles of a fierce and discordant democracy. (Prolonged applause.)

There is not one word in the above remarks that is not true or that is in any way amenable to hostile criticism. That foreign ignorance and foreign vice do exist needs no proof; the fact is admitted by many intelligent journals in the United States, and is a frequent subject for expressions of regret. As for the struggles of a fierce and discordant democracy, we see the millustrated every day, in the bossism of Speaker Reid, in the attempts to partly disfranchise the city of New York by falsifying its census returns, and in the effort to pass the force bill so that elections in the South may be controlled by the bayonet. The result of these struggles has already been the stealing of one presidential election and the disposition to repeat that evil precedent still exists. Sir John should be commended and not condemned for what he said on this point in his Halifax speech.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Halifax Mail states that the Chronicle greeted the Governor-General with the flag of the United States hung from the window of its editorial rooms, the same window from which was displayed the same colors on the occasion of the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. This is a deliberate insult to the representative of the Queen in Canada, and shows that the Chronicle is, in spite of its professions to the contrary, an organ of treason and annexation.

The enemies of St. John and of Canada, chief of whom is the Globe of this city, seem bent on proving that it is impossible we can have any trade with the West Indies. They publish figures to show that our West Indian trade is smaller now than it was in 1873, and seem to think these figures furnish a reason for paying no attention to the West Indian trade. In our view the publication of these figures should have the very opposite effect and should cause us to redouble our efforts to increase this trade.

The Halifax Mail referring to the false statement, which has been made by the St. John Globe and repeated by the Moncton Transcript, that the Irish Canadian of Toronto, which has come out in favor of annexation, is a Conservative paper, says:—

No more impudent falsehood could be uttered. The Irish Canadian at one time, it is true, did profess to believe in Sir John Macdonald, while at the same time supporting Mr. Mowat; but for the past couple of years or so, it has abused Sir John, his government, his party and his policy with as much zeal as did the Moncton Transcript itself. And when a paper can equal the Moncton Transcript in disregard of truth and decency it is pretty far gone, so far, in fact, that no person need be surprised at it declaring for anything likely to injure the country.

This is rough on Mr. Hawke of the Transcript, but alas! too true.

Sir John A. Macdonald's remarks in Halifax on the struggles of a fierce democracy in the United States were mild in comparison with those of some of the United States papers. Here, for instance, is what the New York Herald says of the Congress which has just adjourned:—

"A shallow, loose jointed, ignorant body of men, such as we never hope to see in the capital. And none of them more deserving of co-tempt than the herd of shoats sent from New York and its environs. With two or three exceptions we have never had such an utterly useless gang—doing nothing, saying nothing, making no impression upon the national legislation. The senate is now governed by Mephistopheles-Barnum Ingalls, whose one conspicuous speech in this session was an argument in favor of paying the veterans ten thousand millions of dollars by the way of pensions. The house is ruled by Robespierre in a black hat and a flannel shirt, who has destroyed the value of representative institutions by confining legislation to his recording clerks. Mr. Reed could give lessons to Cromwell. The English usurper chased the members of parliament out of the house with bayonets. Our modern usurper quietly ignores the house and directs the clerks to record his decrees."

Up in Restigouche.

Pioneer.

Corner loafers are unhappy. Bleak winter approacheth.

As we write the snow capped mountains on the Quebec side stare us in the face.

Maria has a starch factory started, which consumes all the potatoes the farmers can bring along.

Lovely autumn flowers are in bloom. The crop of wall flowers will feebly bloom later on, during the giddy season of dancing.

Mr. Shives, employs about his steam mill, and in the woods, over 100 men. And his pay roll shows over $3000 paid out monthly in wages.

What is wanted to improve our town is grit, push, vim, energy, churches, schools, academies, morality, enterprise, harmony, cordiality, cheap property, advertising a healthy location, talk about it and help to improve it.

Miners' Demands Conceded.

ISHPEMING, Mich., Oct. 11.—The proprietor of the Winthrop and Mitchell mines, conceded the demands of his employes, numbering 500, and they return to work. Other employers are firm in their refusals of the demands of the men.

Engineers Demands Granted.

CHICAGO Oct. 11.—The demands of the locomotive engineers on the Chicago and North Western railroad for an increase of pay and abolition of the "Classification System" have been granted by President Hughitt.

A Woman Cashier Arrested.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Mrs. Mary Rice cashier of the Prudential Insurance company of Jersey city, was arrested last night charged with embezzlement. Mrs. Rice is 28 years of age and was recently married.

Switzerland's Troubles.

BERNE, Oct. 11.—Fresh troops have been sent to Ticino, where the situation is alarming. Some of the radicals have been imprisoned at Belinzona for firing at the conservatives.

England's Proposals Rejected.

NAPLES, Oct. 11.—The Anglo Italian conference ended yesterday. Italy rejected England's proposals regarding the boundary lines on the Eastern Soudan.

There were more than 3000 people in attendance at the Yarmouth Co., fair yesterday, where the display of horses, cattle, agricultural, mechanical and domestic products was the largest ever made at that place.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

IN THE METROPOLIS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

When Salmon is Scarce Oatmeal is Plentiful—They Speak Good English in the North of Scotland—Culloden Moor and the Tomb of Thomas, the Rhymer.

INVERNESS, Scotland, Sept. 8, 1890. Whether you come from the Western Isles through the Caledonian Canal, with its noble reaches of lakes bordered by cloud-kissed mountains where monarch Ben Nevis scowls through the swirling mists; if by the eastern coast where the German ocean thunders against granite headlands and mighty precipices, and no sound save the roaring of the tempest or the shrieking of sea-fowl is ever heard; or whether you tramp across fair Perthshire and Inverness-shire over the fine highway where modern civilization has utilized the old Roman roads, and in your 150-miles pilgrimage from Edinburgh you have learned to love Highland scenes in a way that gives you a faint notion of the passionate devotion of the old clansmen for the glens and straths in which they were given birth; however you may have come, by the time you have begun to realize a familiarity and acquaintance with the royal burgh of Inverness, its bewitching environs, and especially with the most characteristic of its people and the grave silent folk who swarm here from the fastnesses of the North, a curious sense of interest, almost reaching the pleasurable thrill of discovery, possesses you.

Inverness is the metropolis of the Highlands. You realize you are in Scotland; yet when you recall your surroundings, when you compare habit, custom, manner, dialect, motive, and even our own feelings and attitude resulting from a stranger's contact with strangers, you feel that you have come to a new and distinct land. While every human north of the English border is "Scotch," as the term goes, to the last drop of blood in his veins, and all possess qualities typical of endless devotion to a like national pride and feeling, perhaps when you have come here and found such radical difference between these folk and say you have hitherto known in Scotland, you begin to wonder: Where can the genuine Scotchman be found in Scotland? Is he in Glasgow with his hard commercial ways; his driving, restless, endless activitives, unsurpassed by the mad money-makers of New York or Chicago? Is he in Edinburgh, with his philosophies, theologies, aristocracies, genealogies, and often his threadbare poverties? Is he among the Border vales with his barbarous dialects and lethargic, sodden content? Is he in the Western Isles, starving half the time in desolate clachans, the victim of poor crops, eviction, commissions, and the slave of east-shore fisher stupendumen? Or is he of Inverness, Beauly, Elgin, Wick and Thurso, in the mystic North, the true Scotch of Scotchmen, though he has no dialect, speaks Gaelic more exquisitely than a Dublin professor, and reels off "book English" in greater purity than a professor at Oxford or a Boston bookseller's clerk?

This excellence of speech in the far North becomes the more surprising when you remember that all printed examples of broad Scotch in dialectic anecdotes have been attributed by their manufacturers to Scottish Highlanders. The fact is that the nearer you come to the English border, on the one side, or the Scottish border on the other, the more do both ,cottish and English folk hurl angular chunks of Doric provincialisms at you until you sicken with the effort at intelligent comprehension. These Borderers have the greatest pride in their "rich broad Scotch," or their "rich Northumbrian." Both are simply rich jargon. From Carlisle through the North of England to Berwick-on-Tweed, and back through Kelso, Jedburgh, Keswick, Annan and Dumfries, in Scotland, in ordinary course of travel you will find more people whom you cannot readily understand than in all the rest of Scotland; and you will in the same way discover more folk, from the most learned Established, or Free, Church minister down to the most ignorant gillie or humble crofter, who speak the English tongue grammatically, with precision and directness, and with pleasing modulation and inflection, north of the Grampian Hills, than in Glasgow and Edinburgh combined.

A Highland sheep-herder, over on the sides of grim old Ben Muichdhui, who had never seen e dozen books in his life, said to me in connection with his lonely life and vocation: "I am not alone when I have these sheep with me, I can see so far from my shieling." This was not only suggestively poetic, but it was expressed in excellent English; and I give his exact words. A fisherman taking salmon near the mouth of the Ness told me pleasantly: "We have not been very fortunate this year with salmon; but I have always noticed that when salmon are scarce, oat-meal is plentiful." An old blacksmith, at a little forge near Carnoch said: "Yes I am too old to take the journey, I should like to still enjoy the advantages your country offers a workman." The pier-keeper at Drumnadrochit informed me that: "The steamers on the Canal are very punctual in their arrivals." An Inverness policeman, of whom I had made inquiries about the arrival and departure of Beauty coaches, responded;" I am sorry I cannot tell you. If you will wait a moment I will ascertain for you at the Highland Railway station-office." A rugged lad, hawking fish with a donkey and cart, of whom I asked the value of his diminutive outfit, promptly replied: "I think sir, as good oney could be got for five pounds; though I would not like to take that for them." My landlady, a very ordinary sort of woman, always asks: "Which would you prefer, sir, an infusion of tea, or a brewing of coffee". The humblest shopkeeper will say: "I cannot supply the article to-day, sir;" or" I am sorry I have not the article you wish."

I have set these expressions down literally. The lowliest in strath or vennel speaks with suspising correctness and agreeability. Straightforward "I do not know," takes the place of" I cinna ken;" "Please come in," or " I am glad to see you," supplants "Coom awa;" and honest "Yes, sir," will not give way to the Lowland accepted, peasant-English pronunciation of "O aye." I have noticed the same phenomenon of unpolluted English in another region where both English and Gaelic are spoken, at old Galway, in the west of Ireland. Galway is the laughing-stock of the brogue-slathering dilletanti of Dublin; and the Highlanders are ever the butt of hypercritical Edinburgh. Yet both the men of Connaught and the descendants of the openly feared, secretly despised Highland clans are immeasureably the superiors of either Dublin or Edinburgh folk in the construction of colloquial expression and in delivery of speech itself. Some attribute this perfection of speech, in both districts, to the remote, and to some extent continuous, translation of language from the old Erse into English, preventing a corrupted spoken language from imitation, and tending to secure and preserve untainted the pure English of literature.

If this royal old capital of the Highlands were not pleasing to you from the purity of tongue, the attitude of citizen to stranger, and, its people, a certain fine grain of dignity that is never brusqueness, reserve that is never selfishness, and yet a genial consideration that never betrays, if it possesses, the contemptible affability of underveneality, you could not help falling completely in love with the romance of its history, the beauty of the city itself, and the antiquarian interest and scenic grandeur of its environment. Your fancy can travel a long way back here at ancient Inverness, for it was the original metropolis of all the Picts. Columba, Scotland's great apostle came here in the 6th century and converted Brudeus, king of the Picts. William the Lion granted it four charters and these brave old documents are still authority for the freedom of the city. Indeed until the invasion of Scotland by Edward 1., Inverness was undoubtely the seat, or frequent resort, of all Scottish Kings, whose presence was required in protecting the ancient capital from the incursions of the Danes and northern Vikings, or for quelling the insurrection of rebellious northern chiefs. Macbeth, of Shakspearean fame, the maormer or "great man" of Ross, because also that of Moray, including Inverness, by marriage, and was once master of the original castle of Inverness on "the Crown," at the mouth of the Ness, which place is regarded by some authorities as the scene of King Duncan's murder. Then a later castle, where the shire buildings now stand on the crown of a picturesque hill in the heart of the city was afterwards in the hands of Macduff. It also became the prison of Sir John Lovat. In 1303 it was seized for Edward I. Its capture by friends of Robert Bruce, then a penniless fugitive in the Western Isles prompted that valiant adventurer to the course of enterpriste which finally gave him the throne, and Scotland a noble line of patriot kings. James I. when in the North, in 1427, to castigate its turbulent chiefs, held a parliament within it. Forty years later James III occupied it. In 1555 queen-regent Mary of Guise was here to summon courts and punish Highland robbers then termed "cateranes" and seven years later, when queen Mary was driven from the castle gate and was compelled to lodge in a comfortable thatched habitation of the time, some of whose walls still stand down there by the site of the old bridge. Just at the harbor-edge are the remains of a tremendous fort built by Cromwell, among others, to overawe the North. And it was from here that, after the most brilliant series of accomplishments in the face of hopeless penury known to the annals of British warfare, the broken remnants of Prince Charles Edward's little army went forth on that fatal 16th of April, 1746, to their slaughter by the Duke of Cumberland's army, and in that slaughter to forever bury on dreary Culloden Moor, just over that near ridge of hills there, the hopes of the valiant Stuart cause.

Standing upon Castle Hill around which the fair city is built, with the river Ness beneath you, this old Northern capital and its surroundings are rich with interest and beauty. Around the base of the hill are winding streets, full of curious old structures with gable-ends, arched gateways, hanging balconies, projecting towers, and round turnpike stairs, flanked by vennels, closes and alleys, quaint as those of old Edinburg itself. It was at the old Courier office, just below here, that rare Hugh Miller, while chiseling Inverness gravestones and pothering along the old coastline to trace pre-Adamite periods, got out his little volume of 20 poems, which, if you have one handy now, you can sell for twenty guineas to the book-collectors. Where you stand, once came and dwelt Pictish and Scottish kings. The blue river sweeps past from the southwest, after receiving the waters of that majestic chain of lakes which, bordered by the greatest mountains of Scotland, stretches straight as an arrow from the German Ocean to the Western Sea. In the opposite direction city and valley basin sweep to the harbor edge in graceful circles. There and beyond, where once rode the Dutch and Indian freighters, is now, first the crescent of tide-fretted shore; then the splendid bay dotted by the lazy sails of east-coast fishers, then the opaline shimmering of the Firth of Inverness, expanding and finally narrowing where Fortrose stood at the north, and Cromwell's grim menace, stupendous Fort George, jutted from the headland at the south; and then vast Moray Firth with its fierce far headlands; and at last the blue sea. Just across the river, at the northern edge of the city, stands Craig-Phadric, lifting its parchute-like crowning forest above the city, and hiding within it one of those most curious of antiquarian enigmas, a vitrified fort of Pagan construction, the most extensive and perfect one still existing in Britain. Down behind you in mazes of ancient streets are the remains of an ancient market-cross, nobody knows how many centuries old; and in its base is embedded a blue, lozenge-shaped stone, the palladium of the old burgh, and called Clach-na-cudden, or "Stone of the Tubs," for having been for untold generations the resting-place for women with their tubs, as they halted a moment for gossip on their way to and from the Ness for water. Just a mile from where you stand at the mouth of the Caledonian Canal, is one of the most picturesque little fishing villages of Scotland. It is in reality a part of the ancient city. It is called Clachnaharry. It clusters about the base of a high, bold headland rock. In olden times sentinels were stationed upon this rock to give notice of the approach of caterans and other marauders. Clach-na-herry, "Rock of the Watchman," was its Gaelic name 2,000 years ago, and Clachnaharry it remains to this day. Just there in the southwestern edge of the town, rises from the plain bogle-haunted Tomnahurich, Tom-a-churiach, or "Knoll of the Canoe." was its Gaelic name; because it resembles an inerted ancient curach, the hide bottomed canoe of the ancients. Hugh Miller gives it rank as "Queen of the Scottish tomhans." Tradition says the mighty cairn is the tomb of Thomas the Rhymer, prophet bard of Ercildoune; a tomb as eternal and almost as mighty as the pyramid of Cheops. Fairy lore peoples it with colonies and legions of the wee folk. Savant and servant quicken their pace by it at night; and all Highlanders hold it in veneration.

Not four miles from where you stand, on the great Moor of Culloden, which sweeps in dreary ridges and scrubby plantations of firs around Culloden House, then, when the headquarters of "bonnie Prince Charlie," and now, with its modern restoration, the property of the Forbes family, Cumberland's 10,000 trained men butchered all the fierce and devoted band who remained to stand with sword in hand for the line of Stuart. Where all the different clans fell can be as clearly traced by the tiny headstones as we can follow the old wraithlines of our own Blue and Gray on the field of Gettysburg. A step beyond Culloden Moor, just across the little river Nairn, is another memorial city of the dead. In a tiny valley dominated by two hills called Dun Evan and Dun Daviot, on which can still be traced the outlines and walls of stupendous prehistoric forts, you will find the most extensive and impressive series of carins and stone circles anywhere existing in Scotland. If ancient Inverness was the capital of Pictavia, here was the place of incineration and sepulture of all those mighty northern hosts from remotest, mistridden time. But turning from contemplation of bogle-haunted carins, ancient slaughter-pens and wonderous Pagan Necropolis, how fair the valley smiles back, with gleaming river, shimmering bay, glassy lake, and beauteous city, to the September sun. Myriad upon myriad gossamer lines sweep across it from mountain to cairn, from cairn to spire, from spire to headland, from headland to mountain again; and along the serrated edges of northern and southern horizon these blend with the tender mists which wreathe the peaks above. Those to the south disclose and hide the Grampian range. Those to north glow in the face of their king, mighty Ben Wyvis, and Ben Wyves hints of unknown Highland straths and glens, of mystic crags and waterfalls, eagles and bridle-paths, of red deer and poachers, of crofts and sheelings, of Gaelic grandeur. And to these, as we may, we shall go.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

A Father's Cruel Treatment Causes the Mother and Children to Become Demented.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Oct. 11.—The New York and Ohio express, over the Baltimore & Ohio railroad carried Thursday night in the smoking car a woman and seven children none over 12 years and the whole family excepting one little girl were more or less demented.

As the train was reaching Clarksburg, the mother ran to the platform leaped from the train and started for the hills.

The girl who appears to be sane says they lived forermly in St. Louis; their father treated them cruelly for years, and a few days ago drove them from home. The authorities are caring for the children.

A Russian Professor's Suicide.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 11.—A young professer of medicine named Koucharsky at the close of a lecture on poisonous acids, before the class in the university here yesterday, poured some drops of one of the poisons into a glass saying as he drank it, "In two minutes you are going to see a man die before your eyes—gentlemen I bid you farewell." The students tried to administer antidotes but the man was dead in two minutes. It is generally believed the professor had gone suddently mad.

Baron Wissman Will Not Return.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The Chronicle's Berlin correspondent says that Baron Wissman absolutely declines to return to his former post in East Africa to play second fiddle to Baron Von Soden.

"A Stitch of Time Saves Nine,"

Is an old proverb and if followed out through life much time, money and suffering may be prevented. A Cough or Cold neglected often ends in Consumption, which might have been cured in a few days had the proper remedy been used. Don't delay, delays are dangerous. Secure at once a bottle of

ESTEY'S Cod Liver Oil CREAM.

It will cure a cough or cold quicker than anything else you can use.

Dr. R. L. Botsford, Richibucto, N. B., writes as follows: I have prescribed and sold over eleven dozen of Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream. I have had better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind that I ever used."

Ask your druggist for ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM. Take no other.

Price 50c. 6 bottles, $2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

HANG UP the washtub and the washboard, LAYDOWN the washer and the wringer'

There's no more work for you and me

For we've sent our laundry to Ungar's.

Only to be rough dried for 25cts per doz., but it is the best plan.

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE PHILLIPS' Cod Liver Oil —WITH THE— WHEAT PHOSPHATES.

Miscible with Milk or Water and just as Palatable.

Retainable on the most delicate Stomach, and digested with ease.

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SCROFULOUS and WASTING DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS and LUNG AFFECTIONS,

AND AS A FLESH MAKER,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

For sale by all Chemists.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Phillips' Phospho-Muriate of Quinine Compound. THE TONIC OF THE DAY.

LUBY'S FOR THE HAIR,

Restores the color, beauty and softness to Grey Hair, and

IS NOT A DYE.

AT ALL CHEMISTS. 50 CENTS IN A BOTTLE

CATARRH AND COLD IN HEAD HOW CURED

NASAL BALM CURES COLD IN THE HEAD CATARRH

NASAL BALM.

A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief. Permanent Cure. Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loking sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time. Neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Eng. Beware of imitations similar in name.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

Boston Brown Bread Every Saturday.

Families Supplied with CAKE AND PASTRY of every description. Fresh every day.

J. O. MILLER, 74 Charlotte street.

OIL AND PAINT.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST BURNING OIL, absolutely free from smoke and smell, burn

GARDENIA.

If you want to stop Leaks in your Roof, try my

ROOFING PAINT,

It is Guaranteed to Stop Leaks, and to be absolutely Fire and Water Proof.

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If you want any kind of OIL, I can supply you at Bottom Prices. WHOLESALE ONLY.

J. D. SHATFORD, 27 and 29 Water Street.

AIR GOODS, Cushions, Rings, Swimming Belts, Bed Pans; Syringes, Atomizers, Diapers, Bibs, Aprons, and Tubing and a full assortment of our $1.50 CLOAKS and others. Gents' and Boys Tweed and Rubber Coats, —AT— FRANK S. ALLWOOD'S, 179 Union Street.

New Books Just Opened.

Catholic Prayer Books,
Books of Instruction and Devotion,
Irish Ballads and Songs by Moore, Davis and others
PICTURES FRAMED CHEAPLY.

D. J. JENNINGS, - - 167 Union Street.

NOTICE.

THE Partnership hitherto existing between R. J. JENKINS, Jr. and GEO. G. CORBET, carrying on the Tea, Coffee and Light Grocery Business, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The said ROBT. J. JENKINS, Jr., is to carry on the Business and pay all liabilities owed the firm and collect all assets due the firm.

SIGNED
ROBT. J. JENKINS, Jr.
GEO. G. CORBET.

Oct. 13, 1890.

HOWE'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS

Market Building, - Germain Street.

BEDROOM SUITES, in Walnut, Oak, Ash and Hard Woods. HALL STANDS, SIDEBOARDS, EXTENSION TABLES, LIBRARY TABLES, in Walnut, Oak and Stained Woods. OFFICE DESKS and CHAIRS, and a Large Stock of Low-Priced BEDSTEADS, CHAIRS, TABLES, etc., etc.

J. & J. D. HOWE.

HARNESS, HARNESS,

A full stock, made of the Best Materials.

—ALSO—

HORSE COLLARS

of a special make and quality.

MANUFACTURER OF

HORSE BLANKETS,

the best values in the city.

T. FINLAY, 227 UNION ST.

SHABBY BOOTS.

That is what a large number of people were wearing during exhibition, and strangers thought they could not afford a new pair; no doubt they thought so too. We sold them

108 KING STREET,

It will be found there is no need of wearing boots in this condition, as this store is the cheapest place to buy Boots and Shoes in the City. What you can't afford in other stores you can here.

GEO. B. HALLETT 108 King Street.

Just Opened Today.

GREENLAND SEAL —AND— OPPOSSUM CAPES.

NEW STYLES.

D. MAGEE'S SONS, 7 and 9 Market Square.

CAFE.

As the Ice Cream season is about over I will only make it to order; but

FRESH P. E. I. OYSTERS

may be had every day shelled and delivered to any part of the city.

My OYSTERS will be found to be up to the standard that my Ice Cream has always been.

DAVID MITCHELL, 49 Germain Street.

1890. EXHIBITION, 1890.

Strangers and Visitors.

It will be to your advantage before purchasing elsewhere to call and in-spect my stock of

Perfumes, Combs, Brushes, Mirrors, Walking Sticks, Sponges, etc.,

and in fact everything that is to be found in a first class drug store.

R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, St. John, N B.

Blanc-Mange Powder,

15 POPULAR FLAVORS.

Imperial Jelly,

in Packages, Quarts and Pints,

FLAVORS:

Punch, Noyeau, Madeira, Sherry, &c.

PICKLES, SAUCES, JAMS AND JELLIES, &c.

GEO. ROBERTSON & CO., 50 King street.

WEDDING

and FUNERAL FLOWERS a specialty. Also CUT FLOWERS and PLANTS of every description

—AT—

D. McINTOSH'S Greenhouses,

Telephone. MARSH ROAD.

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Masons and Builders.

Mason Work in all its Branches.

Slating and Cement Work a specialty

Stone, Brick and Plaster Workers,

JOBBING EXECUTED NEATLY AND PROMPTLY.

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W. CAUSEY, Mecklenburg st. ROBT. MAXWELL, 386 Union st.

GROCERS, ETC.

Choice Quinces.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84 KING STREET.

Gravenstein Apples, Sharp's N. B. Apples, Damascus Grapes, Cranberries, Snowflake and Kidney Potatoes

—FOR SALE BY—

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 CHARLOTTE ST.

BANANAS, GREEN GRAPES, DELEWARE GRAPES, SWEET POTATOES, LEMONS, ORANGES, GREEN TOMATOES, C. BERRIES, SQUASH,

SCOTT BROTHERS.

BRITISH COLUMBIA CANNED CHERRIES, PLUMS and SALMON, —AT— CHAS. A. CLARK'S No. 3 King [redacted]

Sweet Potatoes, Cal. Plums, Bartlett Pears, Bananas, Blueberries, Tomatoes, Water Melons, Etc., Fresh every day.

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HERE

ALL FRESH ARRIVALS.

400 Cwt. Codfish,
200 " Pollock,
1050 Sacks Coarse Salt,
550 " F. Fine Salt,
300 Cases New Canned Peas,
100 " " " String Beans,
100 " " " Strawberries,
50 " " " Raspberries.
500 Packages Tea, All Grades,
150 Barrel and Case Pickles,
1000 Boxes Cigars, good to fine,
500 Bbls. D. Manitoba Flour,
500 " Globe Flour,
160 " Granulated Sugar,
80 " Yellow Sugar,
150 " Vinegar,
25 Boxes Pickling Spice.

WHOLESALE BY

GEO. S. deFOREST & SONS

International Steamship Co.

AUTUMN EXCURSION

To Boston & Portland.

$5—ROUNDTRIP—$5.

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C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the

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We believe our System to be the best at present in the market, and we guarantee satisfaction.

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These Prices are good.

Boys' Two Piece Suits at $1.75, Heavy Material Reefers $2.50; Men's Reefers $3.50; Men's Ulsters $5.50; Good and Heavy Overcoats $4.50; Suits $3.75 up.

OAK HALL, CLOTHING HOUSE,

'90. HATS. '90.

Robert C. Bourke & Co.

We have now in stock our Spring Styles in all the latest novelties in

Soft and Hard Felt Hats,
Spring Style Silk Hats,
Ladies and Misses Travelling Caps,

Also a full assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES &c.

GENTS' KID GLOVES,

Best value in the market. An inspection respectfully solicited. Lowest Prices.

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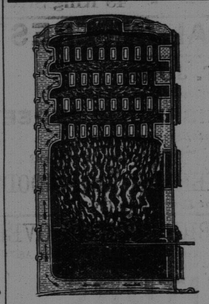
Manufacturers of Double and Single Acting Ship's Pumps, Hand and Power Elevators, Steam Engines, Judson's Governors and Sturtevant Blowers, Rotary Saw Mills, Laundry Machinery, Shafting, Hangers, and Pulleys.



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